



THE KEYNOTER

REGISTER NOW

TO

VOTE
FOR

KENNEDY



THE IRISH IN AMERICAN POLITICS

President's Message

IT'S TIME TO BELLY UP TO THE BAR

The decision to omit one issue of the *Keynoter* by printing "Spring 85" on the cover of this issue has been the hardest one I have had to make since my election. The last "Newsletter" announced this decision as well as the fact that 1984 members could make up for the missed issue by ordering a back issue, back project, tie or shoulder patch from Joe Hayes, our secretary.

This decision was mine alone and made after standing back from the problem and saying to myself, "There are not enough days in the week to catch up, and frankly, there is not enough money in the 84 budget to cover the costs without using 1985 funds." Dues have been held at \$16.00 for five years now, while postage, printing, and other necessary organizational costs have gone through the roof. We will make the end of 1985 with four *Keynoters*, but it is clear that a raise in dues must be carefully considered if we are to remain a strong organization.

Spring is when the Spring *Keynoter* should be on our desks and, son of a gun, here it is. I could have easily not announced this decision nor made an offer to replace the dropped edition (God knows we need the extra dollars). The result would have been twenty or twenty-five letters to the editor or myself complaining of the missed edition. Another fifty members would have silently crept away from the APIC muttering, and never rejoined.

Fellow members, as it is said in Texas, "It was time to belly up to the bar and bite the bullet."

It is time for all of us to become involved in the *Keynoter* by sending articles to the editors for reprinting. The excuse "I can't write" holds no water in these parts. We all have friends who can edit our writing and help us with our grammar. Have an unknown campaign piece? Photograph it in black and white, write a short history of it and mail this to the editors. Help yourself by helping the *Keynoter* editors.

See y'all in Seattle.




Norman Loewenstern
President

Editor's Message

As the delegates left Constitution Hall in Philadelphia after agreeing upon a final draft of the Constitution, a woman approached Benjamin Franklin to ask, "Dr. Franklin, what manner of government have you given us?" He replied, "A republic, Madam, if you can keep it." I find much in Franklin's remark of relevance to the *Keynoter* today. Since the autumn of 1979, Bob Fratkan and I have borne the brunt of putting together the *Keynoter*. We have enjoyed some extraordinary cooperation — our debts to the likes of Ronnie Lapinsky, Bill Arps, Joe and Vi Hayes, Bob Rouse, Michael Kelly, John Pfeifer, John Vargo, Joe Wasserman, and many others are enormous — but for nearly six years Bob and I have never enjoyed the luxury of a "time out" for a single issue. I will not presume to speak for Bob, but for me the time has come to lighten my load substantially. My problem is not friction or personalities or even the burdensome amounts of time and energy required — it is burnout, pure and simple. Before Chris Hearn came to the rescue for this issue, I had attempted without success to put together an issue featuring the "Plumed Knight" James G. Blaine, a task that should have been a proverbial "piece of cake" for a man who makes his living as a late 19th-century political historian! Recognizing my limitations and unwilling to sacrifice the quality Bob and I have attempted to maintain in the *Keynoter*, I plan to begin delegating many of my duties to new and more energetic hands.

Bob and Norman and other APIC leaders have wrought minor miracles with this organization, but we still remain in a crisis situation. We need new blood at every level, not just new dues-paying members. I'll say nothing negative about those who do nothing more for APIC than send in their dues once a year, for without those dues we would surely perish. But to really survive and prosper as an organization we need an expanding leadership base in every phase of our activity, including the *Keynoter*. We have a *Keynoter*, APIC members, if we can keep it. And maybe with more members like Chris Hearn, we will.



Roger A. Fischer
Manuscript Editor

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APIC seeks to encourage and support the study and preservation of original materials issuing from and relating to political campaigns of the United States of America and to bring its members fuller appreciation and deeper understanding of the candidates and issues that form our political heritage.

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Lebco Graphics

THE APIC KEYNOTER

Published Quarterly

Volume 85, Number 1

Spring 1985

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Illustrations: The Editors would like to thank Chris Hearn, Ted Hake, Mickey Perlmut, Robert Rouse and Ed Sullivan for supplying photographs and items for this issue.

Covers: *Front* - Black and white paper poster; *Back* - black and white drawing.

	<p style="text-align: center;">IN THE NEXT ISSUE</p> <p>The Summer <i>Keynoter</i> will feature the 1856 campaign of John C. Fremont, the first Republican Party candidate, showing previously unpictured items. Also featured are articles on Frank Lowden and the Whitehead and Hoag Co.</p>
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The Irish Tradition in American Politics

By Christopher B. Hearn

The Irish presence in America dates back to colonial days, but most of these colonial Irish were in truth "Scotch-Irish" or Ulstermen, descendants of Scots transplanted by the English into the wild northern counties. Small numbers of native or Celtic Irish Catholic immigrants settled in the colonial cities, but not until after 1815, when the War of 1812 ended here and the Napoleonic wars in Europe, did immigration begin in substantial numbers. This influx became a human tidal wave after two successive failures of the potato crop in Ireland during the 1840s. By the Civil War there were more Irish living in New York than in Dublin and more Bostonians born in Ireland than in Massachusetts. Facing desperate struggles for survival as uprooted villagers in alien city slums and the ubiquitous "shantytowns" that sprang up near factories and mills and along the major railroads and canals, many Irish turned to the Catholic Church or to early trade unions. Others fixed their gaze upon the ladder provided by American politics.

To look upon nineteenth-century American politics as a ladder to power and respectability must have required a full measure of the vivid imagination for which the Irish are often credited, for there was little in the American political tradition to indicate a place for poor immigrants with compelling needs for public services yet unborn. During the early years of the republic the federal government was controlled mainly by a Federalist coalition of southern planters and the merchant elite of New England and the great cities of the Middle Atlantic, wealthy men who regarded political power as their predestined inheritance and welcomed political participation only from those who possessed an economic "stake in society." Alexander Hamilton and his cohorts championed activist government, but only to preserve property interests from the poor, the "rabble" that Hamilton referred to as "a great beast." In 1800 they lost power to Thomas Jefferson and his disciples, but there was little place for Irish immigrants in a government run mainly for freeholding farmers (in part as a safeguard against the urban poor) on the laissez-faire premise that "the government that governs best, governs least." Following the revival of the two-party system in the 1820s, the Federalist tradition of activist government for men of means was carried on by such Whigs as Philip Hone and Daniel Webster and the Jeffersonian tradition of agrarian, limited government by Andrew Jackson's Democrats.

While substantial differences on many issues separated Whigs from Democrats (and later Republicans and Progressives from Democrats), the leadership of both major parties from 1789 on into the last decades of the nineteenth century were in essential agreement that the proper role of government was a limited one (Sidney Fine characterized it as "anarchy plus a constable") and that political power should rest with those who possessed the requisite "stake in society." The Irish immigrants pouring into America's cities and mill towns, however, saw politics and government in a very different light. Tenants without heat, sweatshop employees, the unemployed who daily faced "No Irish Need Apply" signs (made in bulk and sold in dry-goods stores), and parents with sick or hungry children could not afford the luxury of "good government," with its premiums on honesty, efficiency, and cost-effectiveness. They needed instead

a compassionate friend in city hall, a political arrangement where votes could be transformed into public employment, coal, food, and a good word during minor scrapes with the law. To meet these needs the Irish immigrants were forced to formulate their own particular political institutions and ethics.

The Irish mindset included a preoccupation with local politics, a characteristic explained in large part by the nature of their political experiences in Ireland. The Irish struggled to win relief from oppressive conditions which the British imposed to render them powerless. Compared to many other immigrant groups from totalitarian lands who came to America after them, the Irish had a very distinctive political culture. They nurtured specific attitudes about the proper ends and means of government, attitudes reaffirmed by their early experiences with Protestant America and such "reform" movements as the temperance crusade that depicted alcohol as "Paddy's curse" and the nativist "Know Nothings" who attacked their churches and burned their convents. With this political tradition came organization and a sense of cohesion within the Irish-American community.

Once settled, the Irish capitalized on their political knowledge and skills. These (in addition to their lowly status and social exclusion) made possible access to menial jobs in municipal government. Most Irish immigrants were illiterate and relatively unskilled. Fortunately, most city public works, police, and fire departments needed of their employees only manual labor or rudimentary knowledge. Municipal jobs offered many Irishmen job security they had never known before, enabling them to take root in the communities where they had settled. These city jobs offered more security and status than did the coal mines and construction gangs to the west. So what began as jobs for survival developed for many into personal and economic self-respect and, in time, passports for many Irish families from slum tenements to middle-class brownstones and "lace curtain" neighborhoods.

Without a language handicap (for English was the language of the Irish cities and most rural Irish were bilingual), most Irish immigrants adjusted with reasonable ease to the social and political terrain of the American city. They could easily communicate with policemen, judges, and bureaucrats and were at first more familiar with the nature and operations of municipal government than any other aspect of life in urban America. The Irish from the beginning found a home in the Democratic party, for the Federalists sought closer ties to England and sponsored the Naturalization Act of 1790 and the infamous Alien and Sedition Acts of 1798-1799, both seen by the Irish as attempts to halt further immigration of their countrymen into the United States. Moreover, the Federalists (and to a great extent the Whigs and Republicans after them) often symbolized the landlord or boss. And if these parties stopped short of embracing overt anti-Catholic prejudice, they seemed to do little or nothing to discourage or stifle the bigots in their ranks. On the other hand, the Democrats carried Irish support at the national level with platform resolutions favoring Irish home rule and much ado over Jackson's Irish (if Ulsterite) ancestry.

At the local level Democratic party workers, with the under-

standing assistance of judges appointed by the party, provided illiterate Irish immigrants with instant naturalization. Public employment was also obtained through patronage appointments. The Irish gave their votes and active participation to the political machines for a variety of reasons, including concern for their jobs, gratitude, and an abiding hatred for the exclusion they suffered at the hands of Protestant Whigs and Republicans. As the Irish won elective offices in their own right, they gave patronage appointments to those with whom they had the closest ties — other Irish. The political camaraderie that had grown among the Irish, linked by ethnic identity and shared experience, served to reinforce their power base. In addition, as the cities expanded due to the continuing influx of new immigrants, the increased number of patronage jobs went disproportionately to “their own.” Political power, long used against the Irish, now became their quest and ultimate realization.

READ AND CIRCULATE.

TO CATHOLIC CITIZENS!



THE POPE'S BULL,

AND THE VOICE OF

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

NEW-YORK

PUBLISHED BY JOSEPH H. LADD,
33 BEEKMAN STREET.

Know-Nothing Party tract opposing the extension of slavery, issued to Catholic voters.

The basic goal of the urban party machine was, of course, control of the city government. But even out of office it continued to function on the “tax” revenues the party levied upon saloons, whorehouses, and gambling houses. From these funds the machine provided food and coal to needy families and financed the young lawyers who interceded in court for the delinquent. The machine also wrote letters home to the Auld Sod for the illiterate and arbitrated for those bewildered by city regulations. The machine paid for children’s picnics, outings to the countryside, and trips to the beach, the only recreation for many working-class families. The most precious of all material benefits the machine could provide was a job. The construction of public buildings, digging subways and sewers, and paving streets were the “mother’s milk” of the machines, being the main source of revenue through kickbacks and a major source of jobs for the party faithful. Reform administrations usually cut back on construction projects to economize, but often forced unemployment. During the endemic depressions and recessions of the nineteenth century, cities run by large machines were rarely as hard hit by unemployment as other areas, because to stabilize employment new municipal projects would be created.

For the individual Irishman, politics was an attractive career. Newly naturalized citizens tended to vote along ethnic lines, so

politics became the only major profession in which it was an asset rather than a liability to be an Irish immigrant. The Irish concept of politics as a profession — useful, enterprising, pursued every day of the year — varied significantly from the middle and upper class notion of politics. To the mainstream of native-born Americans, service in a political office supposedly represented a sacrifice. In the Irish community, there was never talk of sacrifice, only of duty to one’s own kind. Politics, like any profession, was expected to reward its successful practitioners with prestige, security, and money.

Since Irish-American politicians came from working-class origins, they often entered public office with a number of poor relatives. Since the public payroll was a politician’s primary resource, he was expected to use it to aid his family. Thus nepotism was often the result. Nepotism grew in part from the immigrant experience, for most immigrants who came to the United States were expected to send back money for the subsequent passage of a brother, sister, or parent. In many families the eldest son came over first, paid the fare for the next, and so on until the whole family was together again in the New World. The Irish already here were expected to locate jobs for incoming relatives and neighbors. It is a small step from this custom to nepotism, and the Irish were taught from childhood an urgent and overriding spirit of family duty and loyalty.

For a few who had the requisite talents, politics delivered its rewards relatively quickly. In this respect, politics had the same appeal as professional athletics. Charm, boldness, energy, a quick mind and fluent tongue brought young politicians to the top. Politics only required a minimum of education, preparation and money. Unlike business, politics required neither long years of scrimping or saving or any required training. The number of Irish politicians, among them James M. Curley, Al Smith, and John Kennedy, who achieved power at an early age is significant. This desire for success, influenced by the glamorous “uptown” world they witnessed beyond the neighborhood, set many young Irishmen to wondering if the traditional occupations of fireman and policeman were unchallenging and unrewarding. For these upwardly mobile sons of Erin, politics was the answer. It mirrored the rough-and-tumble life style of the Irish in America while offering a key to power and the “good life,” as well as the abiding satisfaction of wresting power from the Protestants who despised their people.

Irish machine politics operated in something of an intellectual void. It was an intuitive response to practical necessity and unrelated to any comprehensive theory of society and politics. For the Irish, if not for the Protestant middle class, politics was a functioning system of power and not an exercise in moral judgment. The Irish community evolved an attitude of tolerant acceptance of political corruption, accepting it as an inevitable part of the operating compromise between the formal rules of the political system and life as it was actually experienced. Like other immigrant groups, the Irish embraced the attitudes of a client group and not a ruling class. For a period of time they were a people who had stature without standing, power without responsibility.

The political system offered many ways to make quick fortunes. The bosses liked building projects, for they could levy “kickbacks” on the contractors, make a killing on the land with their prior knowledge, underwrite the insurance, and sometimes even organize a sand and gravel company and get into the actual construction as a subcontractor. All but the “kickbacks” were referred to as “honest graft” or “white graft,” different from the “dirty graft” collected by the police from the underworld. The newest and least skilled immigrants were most enthusiastic

about the machine's building projects. Qualified in the beginning only for "pick-and-shovel" jobs, they depended upon such endeavors for gainful employment. Scandals did not bother them, for without the "corrupt machine" there might not be construction projects and without them there were few jobs. Padded payrolls were better than no payrolls and, because the cities usually required the projects, it was hard to convince working-class voters that harm was done. Only after social discipline grew to match power did the majority of Irish voters reject the values of a corrupt machine.

Two important community institutions that played important roles in Irish politics were the saloon and the Catholic Church. The political machines were extensions of family and neighborhood loyalties. Neighborhood youth gangs often developed into political clubs or precinct or ward organizations. The community came together in church and in the neighborhood saloon, giving both a dimension of political significance.

THE IRISH TIGERS OF TAMMANY HALL



"Honest John" Kelly.



Richard "The Squire" Croker



"Silent Charlie" Murphy.

"Poor men's country clubs," Irish saloons increased apace with the Irish community itself. They were both social centers and centers for political intelligence, where idle gossip and heated arguments helped form a grassroots neighborhood consensus on political personalities and issues. Saloon proprietors became very important figures in Irish communities by virtue of their business success. Some played active roles in local politics, organizing clubs centered in their establishments, acting as liaisons between political leaders and their constituents, and providing a forum for ongoing political dealings and dialogue. Only at the very end of the nineteenth century did the saloons begin to lose their importance as political headquarters, evolving slowly into mere taverns.

Equally important in the tradition of Irish politics was the Church. In some respects, the Catholic Church and the urban political machines were rather similar. Both the Church and the political party organizations confronted the Irish with rigidly defined power structures and provided them with services the community could obtain nowhere else. In neither hierarchy did ordinary Irish-Americans have final authority, but the decisions that came from above were generally made with their best interests in mind, for neither Church nor machine could long survive without the wholehearted loyalty of the masses. As long



as the Church and the party fulfilled their proper roles in the Irish community, the people had no occasion to question the legitimacy of their authority. Since these were the only major organizations with which the Irish had contact and access, each tended to reinforce the other.

Just as the parish priest was expected to be available to parishioners at any time of the day or night, so were the precinct captains to aid their voters with various problems. Both often functioned as social workers and employment agencies and quite often their roles intersected. In many instances a close working relationship between priest and politician enabled the priest to obtain patronage jobs for members of his flock, which made them in turn active party workers. Within the Irish community each intercession made on behalf of parishioners, and reciprocally each kind word for the party from the pulpit, made stronger the tie between politics and religion.

Urban government became an Irish preserve, an occupational enclave that gave sharper focus to the presence and social separateness. Politics enabled the Irish to present themselves as bona fide Americans in the midst of a larger Protestant society that sought to exclude them. At the same time, it served to enhance their ethno-religious identity and social alienation. It was not a career that led out of the neighborhoods. Unlike many Irish who achieved success in business, astute Irish politicians did not use their political success as a stepping stone out of the Irish enclaves and into the great urban middle class, for to do so would be to sever one's roots. The Irish politician knew that if he openly and deliberately abandoned his special identity as an Irish-American that his career would be finished. Almost any sin could be forgiven by the Irish community except a real or perceived betrayal of one's origins.



Stand "Pat" - clever use of rebus to accentuate 1904 Republican slogan.

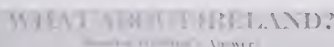
The classic example of the Irish-American political machine is New York's Tammany Hall, founded as a Jeffersonian (and 100% Protestant) working-men's political club in 1789. Not until the 1840s were the Irish able to establish much of a foothold in the organization when Michael Walsh, an immigrant who parlayed his "Spartan Boys" street gang into a force in his precinct and thus a voice in Tammany, secured endorsement and election to a seat as city alderman and then a place in Congress. Not until 1880 did New York have its first Irish Catholic mayor, William R. Grace.

Tammany is most famous (or notorious) as the power base of its most powerful leader of "Grand Sachem," William Marcy Tweed. Contrary to popular assumption, Tweed was of English ancestry, although he had come up politically through an Irish-American volunteer fire company and his close associates Peter

Tweed could put together a machine, but was unable to produce a political program. There was no progress made in the areas of health, sanitation, water, and sewage. In 1871 the *New York Times* began printing secret accounts of the adminis-



From 1871 to 1886 Tammany was controlled by "Honest John" Kelly, a brother-in-law of Cardinal McCloskey who had been untouched by the Tammany scandals. He quickly purged Tammany of Tweed's retainers, systematized the collection of an annual percentage of the salaries of patronage appointees, required candidates to finance their campaigns from a centrally controlled fund, and began to develop a modern political machine. Under Kelly the prototype Irish-American city machine developed, superbly organized to control municipal power and through funds provided by "white graft" and legitimate means to serve as a rudimentary social service system for the needy, helping Irish immigrants get municipal jobs, construction contracts, and various types of recognition. At this time Tammany assisted the impoverished, thus serving as an important vehicle for a new element in adjusting to American city life.



Governor Cox's Answer:

THE NEW YORK TIMES, in an editorial published on Feb. 10, 1994, said that the Clinton administration had "not been forthcoming in releasing information about the Clinton family's financial dealings." The editorial said that the Clinton family had "not been forthcoming in releasing information about the Clinton family's financial dealings."

1 letter from a friend at Lehigh University

[illegible]

What Have the Irish in America Ever Learned from Remembrance? 507 HUNG

What Will the Irish in Ireland ever gain from Republicans? NOTHING

Irish Men and Irish Women Stand by Your Friends
Vote the Democratic Ticket November 2
VOTE FOR COX AND ROOSEVELT

WILLIAM J. DONOVAN

By Christopher Hearn

Oh, Wild Bill Donovan, There's Magic in the Name! For 'twas Wild Bill Donovan Who Fought his Way to Fame In the Trenches of the Argonne, at the Crossing of the Ourcq AND HE'LL FIGHT HIS WAY TO VICTORY AS... GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK (1932 poster)

Bill Donovan was born on New Year's Day 1883, an Irishman, a Catholic, a New Yorker from Buffalo, and a Republican. The oldest of nine children, he graduated from Columbia University in 1905, where he had quarterbacked the football team but did not distinguish himself as a student. He received his law degree from Columbia in 1907, and returned to Buffalo to set up practice. He joined the First New York Cavalry in 1911. In 1914 he made his first trip to Europe to work with the American War Relief Commission under Herbert Hoover. He soon returned home to join his unit on the Mexican border under the command of Gen. Pershing. During this time, he acquired the sobriquet of "Wild Bill," reportedly when his men, collapsing after an exhausting ten mile hike, heard him taunt them with "Look at me, I'm not even panting." From the ranks, someone yelled, "We ain't as wild as you, Bill."

When the US entered World War I, he joined the "Fighting Sixty-Ninth" Regiment - the "Irish" regiment of the New York National Guard, which was included in the Forty-Second "Rainbow" Division. Donovan commanded the regiment for most of his 22 month tour, rising to the rank of full colonel. Several times wounded, he demonstrated such outstanding leadership and moral courage that he emerged from the war as the most-often decorated soldier in the division. He received the Distinguished Service Cross, Distinguished Service Medal, and the Medal of Honor. In 1957, he became the first American to receive our nation's four highest medals when he was awarded the National Security Medal.

Back in the US, he took his first fling at elective politics as the Republican candidate for Lieutenant Governor in 1922. The ticket headed by Gov. Nathan Miller was defeated by Al Smith 1,397,657 to 1,011,725.

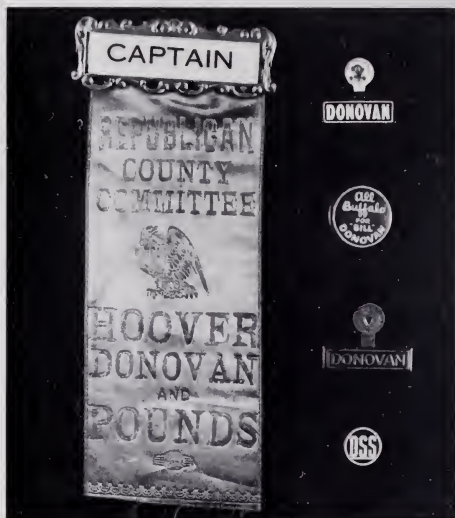
In 1924, Donovan moved to Washington, DC, to serve as Assistant Attorney General, where he ran the Criminal Division. J. Edgar Hoover served under his division. In 1928, he served as acting Attorney General and he expected to fill the position when his old friend, Herbert Hoover, took office in 1929. It was not to be, and Bill Donovan's greatest disappointment came when Hoover dismissed him with a simple reference to Donovan as a "Catholic."

Back in New York, there was a Draft Donovan for Governor movement growing with the blessing of Donovan's old friend, Father Duffy. Upon Donovan's return from a European trip in 1932, he was greeted with a petition signed by 10,000. Donovan said he would enjoy the nomination to be governor for two reasons - to tell the Buffalo machine what he thought of them, and to show Hoover he did not need him. Nominated on August 16, Donovan chose Assistant Secretary of War, F. Trubee Davison as his running mate. Donovan quickly went against his own party's platform by saying he favored repeal of Prohibition. His political highpoint came when he marched through the streets of Buffalo in an old-fashioned political

parade, behind men carrying red flares. But the campaign was not all high points. He was depicted as a renegade Catholic and even his war-time nickname, "Wild Bill," was used against him to "prove" that he was erratic and unfit to handle the responsibilities of governor.

Strikingly, Donovan's campaign leaflets pledged a New Deal in Albany several months before Roosevelt struck upon the concept of a New Deal in Washington. Roosevelt later stated, "If Bill Donovan had been a Democrat, he'd be in my place today."

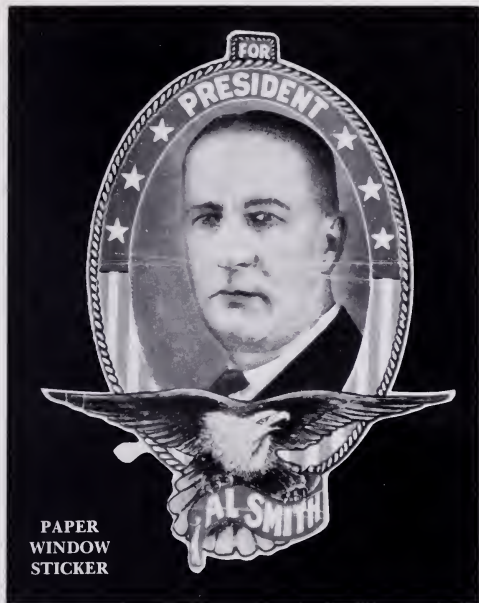
1932 was not a Republican year, and Bill Donovan was defeated by Herbert Lehman 2,659,597 to 1,812,002.



In the late 1930's, Donovan realized the coming war in Europe would surely involve the US; President Roosevelt soon appointed him as a special envoy to Europe. Later, Roosevelt appointed him Coordinator of Information, then Director of the Office of Strategic Services (OSS), the military precursor of the Central Intelligence Agency, where he rose to the rank of Major General.

In 1945, Donovan returned to private life. He briefly sought the Republican nomination for US Senator from New York in 1948, but he did not get the nomination. Under President Eisenhower, he served as Ambassador to Thailand during 1953-54. He died on February 8, 1959 at the age of 76.

In the 1932 campaign, Bill Donovan said, "I know better than anyone else that I was an ordinary guy with a couple of lucky breaks," but he was also something more. He was a person always ready to serve his country no matter where or in what capacity. Whether it was Siberia or Washington, he was always willing to repay the country which gave him those "lucky breaks."★



In 1886 Kelly died, Richard Croker succeeded him as Grand Sachem, and Tammany endured one of its worst embarrassments when it endorsed for mayor Croker's friend Abram Hewitt. An elitist, Hewitt had no sympathy with ordinary New Yorkers and saw the immigrants as the source of the city's problems. He urged that immigration be restricted, a literacy test imposed, and the naturalization period extended from five to fifteen years. Even worse, in Irish eyes, he refused to fly the Irish flag at Gracie Mansion and in 1887 committed the ultimate abomination by boycotting the St. Patrick's Day parade! Denied Tammany endorsement in 1888, he finished a distant third in the balloting, a graphic demonstration of Irish political "clout" at its very peak in New York. The 1890 census reported the city to be 40.2% "Irish stock" (immigrants or the children of immigrants), not even taking into account the considerable numbers of third and fourth generation Irish living in New York! But by 1890 the flow from the "Auld Sod" was slowing to a trickle (in part because there were now more Irish in America than there were still at home) and the influx from Italy, Poland, and the Jewish ghettos of eastern Europe increasing to epic proportions. Irish politicians would continue to serve successfully as powerbrokers for these new groups for generations, but never again would the Irish community wield such power in its own right.

Croker's reign at Tammany lasted only a decade, but "he saw his opportunities and he took 'em." He amassed a personal fortune estimated at \$8,000,000 by dealing himself in as a partner in almost every construction project granted by the city. At the same time, though, he helped combat the "Panic of '93" and ensuing depression with public construction jobs and ran Tammany much more efficiently than Tweed had done. Unlike Tweed, he ran Tammany largely on revenues derived from saloons, whorehouses, and gambling that flourished in a wide open town, and his championing of vice became his Achilles heel. The protest against Tammany took on the coloration of an anti-vice campaign and many voters in the ethnic neighbor-

hoods were quite puritanical in their social attitudes toward vice. In 1896 a reform ticket drove Tammany into political exile.

Their reign was brief, for they tried to control the manifestations of social problems without attacking the roots of those problems — slum housing, low wages, unemployment, poor sanitation, and the like. A majority of New Yorkers disliked an administration that meddled in their public pleasures and left untouched their private burdens. Many reform administrations made war on the saloons, depriving the working-class Irish and other ethnics of their main social pleasure. Significantly, Fiorello LaGuardia was the only reform mayor ever re-elected in New York! During Croker's reign at Tammany the slogan "To Hell with Reform" became a rallying cry. In 1898 the reformers were swept from power and in Irish neighborhoods the saloons stayed open all night as thousands joined the celebration. As Alfred Lloyd Lewis wrote in *The Boss*, the reformers "got between the people and its beer." Croker's new lease on power lasted only briefly, for in April, 1900, an "Ice Trust" scandal broke that sent him into retirement in Ireland. Ice was a necessity, with every family in New York paying a little to a firm in which the leading Tammany officials were secret partners. In 1900 a reform ticket headed by Seth Low won city hall and a long pattern of seesawing between Democratic "regulars" and insurgent reformers began.

After 1900 Tammany's most famous contributions to American politics have been Al Smith and the colorful Jimmy Walker. Smith, a poorly educated Irish-American from New York's Lower East Side, came up through the ranks of Tammany to become the first Irishman to build a national constituency. From 1904 to 1915 he served in the state Assembly in Albany, from 1911 to 1913 as majority leader and from 1913 to 1915 as speaker. From 1915 to 1917 he served as sheriff of New York County and then was governor of New York for four terms, 1918-1920 and 1922-1928. One of America's most able and progressive governors, he was best known as the cigar-smoking "Happy Warrior" with the broad smile, a ubiquitous brown derby hat, and an East Side accent. In 1924 he waged an all-out campaign for the Democratic presidential nomination and was involved in a two-week marathon in Madison Square Garden that narrowly failed to denounce the virulent bigotry of the Ku Klux Klan and eventually handed a worthless nomination to John W. Davis. In 1928 Smith received the nomination on the first ballot, becoming the first Irish-American and the first Catholic so honored by a major party.

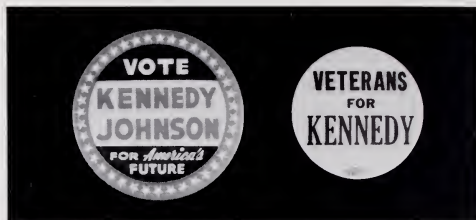
He paid a heavy price for his heritage. The fears and prejudices so evident in 1924 were compounded in 1928. Although he rarely drank, he was an Irishman and a political "wet" supporting a repeal of Prohibition, so he was stereotyped as a drunken Irishman. Anti-Catholic themes were raised throughout the nation, but primarily in the Protestant South, where fundamentalist ministers and others circulated rumors that if Smith won the Pope would run his empire from the White House. With characteristic good humor, Smith announced on election night that in light of the Hoover landslide he had sent a one-word telegram to the Vatican: "unpack!" For more than thirty years Smith's poor showing would be interpreted as evidence that no Catholic could win the presidency, but Smith served the Irish-American community well by exposing a deep-seated vein of anti-Catholicism in the South and Midwest. Never again would Protestant bigotry be quite so naked, quite so unchallenged, quite so respectable.

One of Smith's proteges, Jimmy "Beau James" Walker, left no such worthy legacy. Born in 1881 on New York's West Side, Jimmy Walker developed into a promising semi-pro baseball

player, but was attracted to politics and the greater rewards it offered. A Tammany district captain, he won election to the state Assembly and in 1921 became minority leader in the state Senate. A handsome, charming, witty figure, he developed a sizeable political following in New York City and in 1925 acceded to Smith's desire and ran for mayor, easily defeating fountain pen magnate Frank D. Waterman. A dashing figure who typified Broadway in an age of jazz, bright lights, and easy money before the onset of the Great Depression, Walker lived up to his motto "A civilized man never goes to bed on the same day he gets up." He sailed through his first term with little difficulty and in 1929 won re-election by nearly a half million votes over Fiorello LaGuardia, but then his troubles began. Several Walker-appointed judges were removed for improprieties and the legislature ordered an investigation of affairs in the city. His bank accounts were examined just as his accountant was fleeing to Mexico and on the witness stand Walker was unable to explain how millions in cash and municipal bonds had found their way into his personal account. Governor Franklin Roosevelt called upon Walker for an answer, but "Beau James" resigned suddenly on September 1, 1932, denounced the hearings as "a travesty," and took up residence in Europe. After several years, his health poor and finances in ruins, he returned to New York, served as a LaGuardia-appointed mediator in the troubled garment industry, and died in 1946 at sixty-five.

Second only to Tammany in importance among Irish-American political machines was the one in Boston. After slowly working into positions of importance in Democratic politics for a generation, the Boston Irish elected countryman Hugh O'Brien mayor in 1884. A decade later John F. "Honey Fitz" Fitzgerald, the son of immigrants from Limerick, became the only Democratic congressman from all New England. A political maverick who enjoyed bucking the powerbrokers, "Honey Fitz" was deniedrenomination in 1900, briefly worked as a journalist, and in 1906 became mayor of Boston. An effective speaker and fine Irish tenor whose specialty was "Sweet Adeline," Fitzgerald was an indefatigable politician who averaged two dinners, three dances, and six speeches a night during his first year in city hall! Despite this extraordinary energy, "Honey Fitz" was eventually defeated by another ambitious Irish-American, James Michael Curley, who has been immortalized by Edwin O'Connor's *The Last Hurrah* and the Spencer Tracy movie adaptation. Curley went on to serve as mayor, congressman, and mayor again — the last time waging a successful campaign from a prison cell! His seat in Congress was filled by the grandson and namesake of "Honey Fitz," John Fitzgerald Kennedy (and later by another noted Boston Irishman, Thomas P. "Tip" O'Neill).

Since the days of "Honey Fitz," Al Smith, Curley, and "Beau James," Irish political power at the municipal level has steadily diminished while at the national level, ironically, it has dramatically increased. As millions of third and fourth-generation Irish made the journey from the old neighborhoods and shantytowns into the American mainstream, parochial Protestant anxieties were diminishing apace. In the midst of a snowstorm in Washington in January, 1961, the last barrier came tumbling down when John F. Kennedy, a grandson of "Honey Fitz" and great-grandson of counties Wexford and Limerick, took the oath of office to become president of the United States. On that morning in newspapers across the United States appeared a Bill Mauldin cartoon featuring a family removing a "No Irish Need Apply" sign from the White House lawn. There was no caption; for millions of Irish-Americans, none was necessary. ★



JOHN F. KENNEDY



ROBERT F. KENNEDY



EDWARD M. KENNEDY

FEAR AND LOATHING IN THE 1928 CAMPAIGN

The
**KU KLUX
KLAN**

HOLDS

That Any Man Who
KNEELS
Before His Fellow-Man
KISSING
Hand or Ring

Will do the
BIDDING
of That Fellow-Man



—and he asks the American people
to elect him President.

ENTHRONED — CARDINAL BONZANO — ITALIAN
KNEELING — GOVERNOR SMITH — AMERICAN

THE
**KU KLUX
KLAN**

MAKES AN

OBSERVATION

ON THE

PRESIDENCY

Realm of Pennsylvania

No. 6-10-1-27

UNPACK: AL SMITH AND THE KU KLUX KLAN

By Roger Fischer

The most virulent epidemic of anti-Catholic prejudice in the United States in this century took place during the 1920's, mainly as a direct result of the dramatic reincarnation of the Ku Klux Klan. Reborn on Stone Mountain in Georgia in 1915, the second KKK was the brainchild of "Colonel" William Simmons, a fraternal organizer and defrocked Methodist minister who experienced a vision of a "mystical brotherhood" in an Atlanta hospital room after seeing D. W. Griffith's film classic *Birth of a Nation*. At first rather tame and middle-class in nature, the Klan evolved into a truly hard-core hate group after World War I. Anti-Negro, anti-Jew, anti-Darwin, anti-modern, but especially anti-Catholic, the KKK soon attracted a membership estimated at more than 3 million, with its greatest strength

in the Southwest, New England, and such midwestern states as North Dakota and Indiana. Under the leadership of such men as Dallas dentist Hiram W. Evans and Indiana Grand Dragon David Stephenson (later convicted of manslaughter when a secretary he and others had gang-raped on a train to Chicago died of an overdose of sleeping pills), the reborn Klan became notorious for enforcing "old-time morality" by whippings, tar-and-feather parties, and even murders.

A leading creator of anti-Catholic Klan propaganda was Alabama Senator J. Thomas Heflin. Although "Tom-Tom" Heflin began as a rather run-of-the-mill Dixie racebaiter, he soon realized the constituency was increasingly finding that

(continued on page 27)

THE FOUNDING FATHERS

By Harvey Goldberg



**JOHN F. FITZGERALD
GLASS LANTERN SLIDE**

Patrick Kennedy came to Boston in 1849 amid half a million Irish immigrants. He married, had a family, and died on November 22, 1858. He was the first Kennedy to arrive in America, and the last to die unnoticed. The date of his passing, ironically was 105 years to the day before his great grandson would die after having achieved the highest elected office in the country.

Patrick Kennedy's son, Patrick Joseph Kennedy (better known as "P.J."), began as did many immigrant children, struggling to survive. Just after reaching legal age, with loans from different sources, P.J. bought a run-down saloon in a poor section of Boston on Haymarket Square and went into business for himself. Kennedy had the most important qualification for a successful saloonkeeper: he was a very good listener.

Politics came naturally. It was the primary topic of discussion in the saloon, and Kennedy was ambitious enough to make contacts and use them well. He was also successful enough to buy a second tavern, and to open his own liquor importing business: P.J. Kennedy & Company. All the while politics became an active part of his life, and in 1884 he was elected to the Democratic Club of Ward Two in Boston. Two years later that group elected him to the State Senate.

During three terms in the Massachusetts Senate one could not call Kennedy a very energetic or innovative legislator. But he maintained his contacts and returned to his lofty position in Ward Two. By 1900 P.J. had acquired a seat on the Board of Strategy, the center of power in Boston. Of the three other members, the one Kennedy disliked most was John J. Fitzgerald.

"Fitzie" as he was known, (the nickname "Honey Fitz" came much later toward the end of his active career in politics) was P.J.'s opposite - loud and boisterous, a theatrical politician who gloried in the public eye.

While P.J. Kennedy climbed the ladder to power slowly with calculated patience, John Fitzgerald was not the subtle type. His frontal assaults on political foes made him a veritable legend in North Boston. From early on it was clear that Fitzie had "The Gift" and that politics would be his life. By far the greatest part of his gift was that of gab. He could talk anyone under the table on any subject at all, fast becoming the dominant figure in the North End, which he continually referred to as "the dear old North End." Hence his followers became known as "dearos".

John Fitzgerald was elected to the Massachusetts State Senate in 1892, serving alongside P.J. Kennedy and at that time

recognizing him as a future opponent. He went on to serve a term in Congress, but the only office that really mattered to him was Mayor of Boston. In 1905 Fitzie made his move, mobilizing the "dearos" and blitzing the city with supporters, himself making twenty to thirty speeches a day. After his victory seemed assured on election night, John Fitzgerald went to the Ward Two office to make peace with Kennedy. As the two shook hands they heralded in a new era for the Irish immigrant and laid the cornerstone for the dynasty yet to come.

The old-fashioned politics of ward bosses was fast becoming outdated. In 1914 Mayor Fitzgerald was up for re-election. His closest opponent was James M. Curley, perhaps the one man in Boston with more charisma than the Mayor. P.J. Kennedy and the Strategy Board supported Fitzgerald as the "lesser of two evils". The campaign heated up when Curley announced a series of public lectures, embarrassing Fitzie in the first talk which dealt with graft "in ancient and modern times". When the second lecture was announced as "Great lovers from Cleopatra to Toodles", Fitzgerald, a known philanderer (one of whose flings involved a barmaid named "Toodles"), quickly bowed out of the race. Curley's victory was secured and Honey Fitz lost his control over Boston politics.

P.J. Kennedy's son, Joseph Patrick, was concerned with only one thing from early childhood: how to make money. And when Joe Kennedy wasn't thinking up new ways of making more money, he was exploring ways to shape his world. Going against the odds was a game to him. He was aggressive, popular, athletic, and lived his own way. He was fond of saying, "If you can't be captain, don't play".

Anyone else who was a son of a saloonkeeper, grandson of the "famine Irish", might have felt out of place or uncomfortable in the places Joe Kennedy went. But he flourished at Harvard



SHEET MUSIC



(though only an average student) and was never satisfied; he always had to have more. At twenty-five he became the youngest bank president in the country, claiming he wanted to "become a millionaire by the age of thirty-five."

About the same time he made his move into banking, young Mr. Kennedy also went after something else: a courtship with Honey Fitz' daughter Rose Fitzgerald. As with most things, he had his way. They were wed in 1914, linking two of the best known Irish political families in Boston.

Joseph P. Kennedy, however, built his power through

finance, banking, real estate, and money. His political activities were always in the "outer circle". He was used by J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI as a "special agent" in the Boston area and became a strong supporter of and one of the most controversial figures in Roosevelt's New Deal. His ambassadorship to England is well known, but not his fleeting desire to "position himself as a candidate for the White House if Roosevelt (had) decided against a third term".

Though Kennedy was always around politicians, in contact with many of them, and closely allied with Democratic presidents, his strongest ambitions were for his sons rather than himself. A writer in *Fortune Magazine* defined Joe Kennedy's life in very straight-forward terms: "[Kennedy's] whole life had been one of restless movement, an attempt to transcend ethnic assumptions while striking into territories where no Irish Catholic had ever been." Thus the torch was passed, with a family heritage, to the next generation of Kennedys to carry on what the founding fathers had created.★

ROOSEVELT AND KENNEDY: "MY AMBASSADOR"

By Harvey Goldberg



There were obvious differences of opinion between Franklin D. Roosevelt and Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy. In spite of these differences, and a movement from some of FDR's advisors to remove him as Ambassador, the two met in Boston when Kennedy returned from England for a visit to the States and his family.

FDR went to Boston for one of the closing rallies of the campaign on Halloween Eve, 1940. He rode with Honey Fitz and Joseph Kennedy, Jr. to join the Ambassador at the Boston Garden, where the President delivered a very convincing isolationist speech.

With Kennedy next to him on the podium, Roosevelt welcomed "back to the shores of America that Boston boy, beloved by all of Boston and a lot of other places, my Ambassador to the

Court of St. James's, Joe Kennedy".

The "my Ambassador" comment was picked up immediately by GOP opponent Wendell Willkie, who was also campaigning on the East coast. The following day it became a key point in his attack on Roosevelt: "It used to be 'my friends'. Now it is 'my Ambassador'. Pretty soon it will be 'my people'."

Willkie continued, "but there is one thing that will be perfectly clear after November 5. This isn't his White House. It's the people's White House. And if Mr. Kennedy is the Ambassador of the third term candidate, who is our Ambassador to Great Britain? That's what I want to know."★

Friends of James M. Curley Will NOT Vote for Kennedy

And This Is Why:

Kennedy Crushes Curley Hopes

Joins Capital Group Pushing Clemency Plea

Washington, July 16, 1947 — The petition for clemency, normally being considered here in the House of Representatives by a committee headed by Rep. James M. Curley, has been rejected by a vote of 219 to 191. The vote was taken after a long session in which the committee had heard testimony from several witnesses, including James M. Curley, who had been convicted of a crime in 1936 and was then in prison.

Curley, who had been convicted of a crime in 1936 and was then in prison, had been granted a full pardon by the governor of Massachusetts in 1945. He had since been active in politics and had been elected to the House of Representatives in 1946.

Among those leading republicans signing the petition, it was reported, was Rep. James M. Curley, who had been convicted of a crime in 1936 and was then in prison.

Political observers in Washington believe that the refusal of Kennedy to sign the petition was a decisive indicator and that he might have been able to secure the necessary votes to pass the bill.

Attached to the petition were letters from Henry H. Henshaw, James M. Curley, and other members of the Curley family, including the Governor of the State and two members of the House of Representatives.

Times & Herald, 20th October 40, 1st Edition

Report 25 Per Cent Of House Favorable

House Report

WASHINGTON, July 16 — The House of Representatives today voted 219 to 191 to reject a petition for clemency for James M. Curley, who had been convicted of a crime in 1936 and was then in prison. The vote was taken after a long session in which the committee had heard testimony from several witnesses, including James M. Curley, who had been convicted of a crime in 1936 and was then in prison.

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Times & Herald, 20th October 40, 1st Edition

Anti-John Kennedy Leaflet - issued because JFK refused to support clemency for James Curley.

JAMES M. CURLEY

50 Years of Personal Politics

By Harvey Goldberg

James Michael Curley has been called "the Irish Mussolini", King James I, and "the most unpredictable and colorful politician in American history". He may not have been THE most colorful, but certainly near the top of the list. Curley had flair and style. He was a speaker of crowd-moving ability. But most importantly, he fit his time, understood his people, and knew how to make best advantage of it.

Curley pushed his way into political office by attacking corrupt bosses, but unlike others, he did not whistle a different tune after his election. He did not court the bosses into a Curley organization. He ignored them. He baffled them, and he bypassed them. What he did was create "*Curleyism*", a personal machine which went directly to the voters almost, wiping out ward boundaries. The machine depended on the power of the Curley personality. It needed success to work. It swept James Michael Curley through four terms as Mayor of Boston, a term as Governor of Massachusetts, and three terms in Congress -- in spite of two jail sentences, one while he was Mayor.

The first name on the ballot for Boston's Common Council in 1900 was that of James Curley. He won by more than a thousand votes. Curley's morality was mixed, even inconsistent. Corruption and kickbacks were one way of increasing political power, but he insisted that he never accepted contributions from those who could not afford it. He continued in this cloak of Robin Hood throughout his career.

After closely studying New York's Tammany Hall, Curley founded the Roxbury Tammany Club, a social welfare agency and political club that was to be his base of power for the next five decades.

In 1902 he was elected to the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and the following year State Senator Curley decided to run for the Board of Aldermen while Thomas Curley (no relation) would run for his seat in the senate. During the campaign both Curleys impersonated two constituents seeking postal jobs and took the civil service exams for them. Both men were found guilty and sentenced to jail. Both denied taking money, and continued their campaigns from jail. Both were elected, James by a landslide.

In 1910 Alderman Curley began eyeing a seat in Congress. Urged by former Congressman William McNary to run, Curley declared, only to find himself running in a 3-way race (McNary felt his own chances were better if Curley and opponent James McConnell were to split the vote). The end result was a Curley victory and at thirty-seven years of age he was off to Washington.

In Congress the Bostonian made an important friend in Champ Clark, then Speaker of the House. There was some talk of unseating Curley because of his earlier conviction and jail term. Clark not only disposed of that threat, but put Curley on important congressional committees. The young Congressman helped kill a restrictive immigration bill, and made a speech on the floor insisting the Boston Tea Party had actually been a "beer party", explaining it had been organized by beer-drinking patriots in Boston's Hancock Tavern.

Elected to a second term, Curley split his time between Washington and Boston, keeping close watch on politics in his

home ward. He decided to make a bid for the mayoral seat in his beloved Boston, even though John J. (Honey Fitz) Fitzgerald was still Mayor and was seeking re-election.

His campaign was unique. Instead of seeking the support of the Catholic Church, almost a necessity in Boston, he alienated the Bishop. Instead of courting ward leaders, he blasted them. Curley also hired singers and entertainers to give his rallies a circus-like appearance. His strategic use of inside information led to Honey Fitz's decision to step down during the primary. Fitz' replacement was no match for Curley either: the ability to switch moods to match the audience and the perfect off-the-cuff speeches all worked precisely. With a narrow victory James Michael Curley became the single boss of Boston.

The word went out that if you wanted a city job, or anything, you didn't see your ward boss, you went directly to City Hall and saw Mayor Curley himself. Curleyism had begun its reign. Within months he had offended most of the organized groups in the city. At the same time he went into direct action: playgrounds replaced slums, transit systems were begun, streets were repaired and widened, hospitals were built, and schools grew in number. Unemployment in Boston dropped and editorials proclaimed that "all of Boston agrees that it really has a mayor".

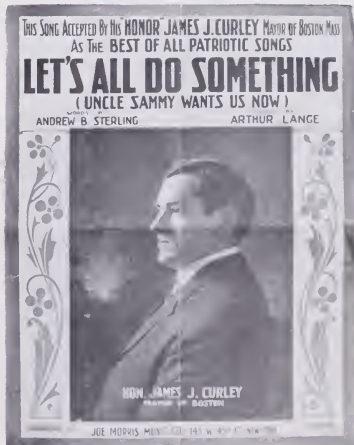
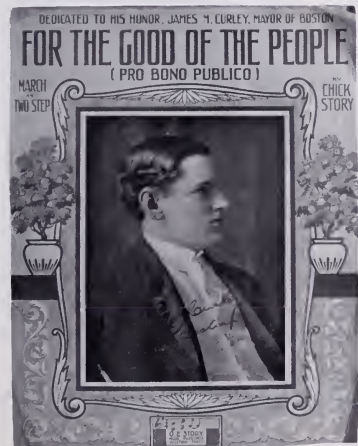
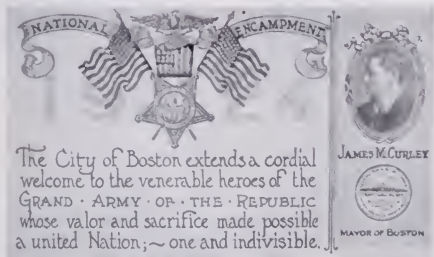
Honey Fitz offered to patch things up after the election, but Curley refused. In retaliation Fitzgerald openly attacked the Mayor, accusing him of secret partnerships and kickbacks. The Boston Finance Commission investigated and brought charges against Curley, but the district attorney refused to accept the charges. In spite of this, the suggestion of corruption hurt him politically. He was defeated for re-election in 1917 and lost the following year in an attempt to return to Congress.

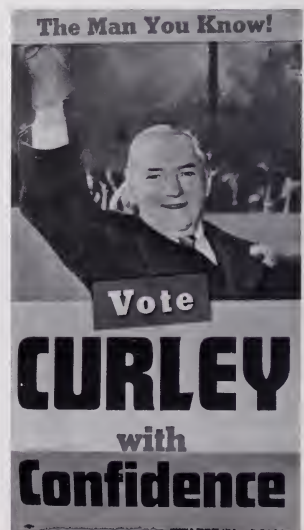
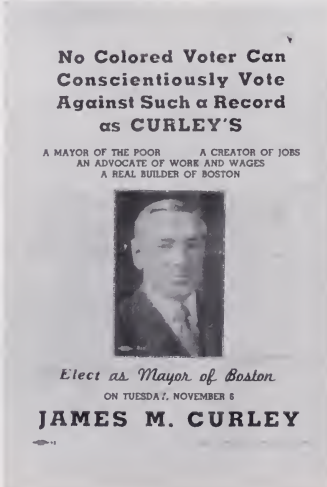
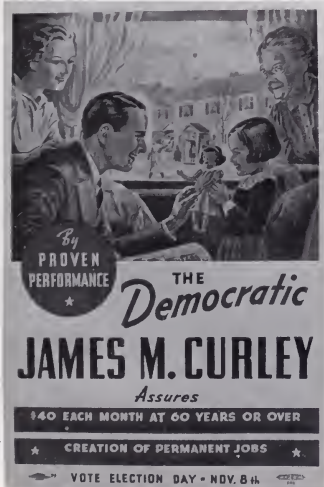
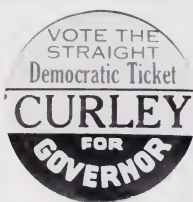
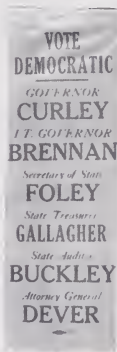
Three years later, at 48, he decided to try for the mayoralty again. Odds were against him: he had lost twice in a row and nobody wanted a loser. His opposition set up a four-way race to cut his vote total. But once again his hold on the voters was purely personal. He garnered the Italian vote by capitalizing on the death of the great Italian singer Caruso. He made a personal appeal to women who were voting in 1921, even drafting his wife into the campaign. Most effective were his own speeches, sometimes more than thirty a day. Curley was elected by less than 3,000 out of 160,000 votes cast.

Within a month the Mayor was in high gear again, with more than \$10 million worth of new construction going on. He established the Boston Credit Union for low-interest loans, set up health centers throughout the city, and even renewed his friendship with Honey Fitz, teaming up with him for a duet of "Sweet Adeline" at a meeting.

Because he could not succeed himself in 1924, Curley announced for the governorship that year. The old personal touch grew even more personal. Voters received congratulations for births, condolences on deaths, and were constantly aware of Curley's presence. But it wasn't enough. Calvin Coolidge's popularity swept the GOP into office.

The Mayor was far from finished. Needing a bandwagon, he put his efforts into Al Smith's campaign for the presidency. Though Smith did not carry his own state of New York, he did







win in Boston by over 100,000 and took Massachusetts by 17,000 votes -- most as a result of Curley's efforts. And the effort made Curley even more popular. In 1929 he won his third term as Mayor of Boston.

In 1932 came the biggest gamble of his career. James M. Curley declared for Franklin D. Roosevelt over Al Smith, knowing that FDR would win, leaving him as the only Massachusetts leader on Roosevelt's bandwagon, with all the advantages that would go with it. With this announcement Curley was politically isolated, not even being chosen as a delegate to the Democratic Convention. Al Smith swept the primary and the gamble seemed to have backfired. But the convention rollcall found Curley in the Puerto Rican delegation, answering to Jaime Miguel Curleo!

Curley's antics as a Puerto Rican delegate, plus the fact that he had backed the winner, made him a hero in Massachusetts. He set his sights on a Cabinet job, certain his work would be rewarded. But Roosevelt only offered the ambassadorship to Poland, and Curley refused. Their personal friendship was over.



Political sense dictated and Curley hid his bitterness publicly. A beneficiary of the 1934 Roosevelt mid-term landslide, he was elected Governor of Massachusetts. But from the day he walked into the state house everything seemed to go wrong. His intimidations, indiscretions, threats, and blunders, found him moving without direction and slipping dramatically. In 1936 Roosevelt swept in the entire Democratic slate by huge margins -- except Curley, who was defeated. Times were changing, but James Curley was not changing with them. But, as usual defeat was only something temporary. He was off again seeking the mayoralty of Boston in 1937. He lost. In 1938 he ran for governor again, against Leverett Saltonstall, and lost his third consecutive election.

Things continued downhill. Curley was convicted of stealing funds in an insurance scam. The money had to be returned. Unable to pay, he faced jail. But thousands of Boston citizens contributed to a fund, and the money was paid back in full. This outflow of public sympathy was the spark needed to set him off again. He ran for Congress and won. But again he got sucked into a get-rich-quick scheme and was charged with mail fraud.

He was seventy-one years old, facing a fine and jail sentence. So what did he do? He ran for Mayor of Boston again. Clinging to the "Robin Hood legend", pulling in many favors garnered over the many years, and using that still-charming personal contact, Jim Curley was elected to a fourth term as Mayor of Boston. Two weeks later the trial for fraud began. Curley and two others were found guilty, fined, and sentenced to jail. An acting mayor was appointed, Curley was guaranteed full salary, and his sentence was made shorter due to "ill health". Mayor Curley resumed his fulltime duties five months later.

In 1950 he received a full pardon from President Truman. Up for re-election (in 1949 this was legal in Boston), Curley at seventy-five had lost some of his vim and vigor. He was defeated handily and was finally finished.

When James Michael Curley died in 1958 it seemed as if every citizen of Boston came to pay their respects. One epitaph came from (then) Senator John F. Kennedy: "James Curley has left an unforgettable mark on all of Boston and all of Massachusetts. His fabulous career of more than half a century reflected in many ways the life and growth of the city he loved, sometimes stormy, always fascinating, and always to be remembered as an inimitable part of a memorable era."★

“HIZZONER DUH MARE”

Richard J. Daley of Chicago

By Robert Rouse

For twenty-one years these words were used to introduce Richard J. Daley to his constituents at ward meetings, political rallies, picnics, parades and funerals throughout the city of Chicago. For them this apparently bumbling, “back of the yards” (he lived near Chicago’s famous stockyards) fellow, known for his ungrammatical speech and his arrogant manner in front of radio microphones and television cameras, was a hero. To the nation he was the undisputed boss of the last big city political machine in America. The nation first noticed him as the host of the 1956 Democratic Convention. In 1960 he was more prominent as Democratic primary hopefuls Hubert Humphrey, Stuart Symington, John Kennedy, and Lyndon Johnson trekked to the fifth floor of City Hall to seek the blessing which brought with it the wealth and workers of the Cook County Democratic Party. However, his political career had begun nearly 40 years earlier.

Richard Daley was born in May 1902, the only child of Michael, a second generation Irishman and business agent in the Sheet Metal Workers Union and Lillian, an aggressive activist who marched for women’s rights and other causes. Biographer Eugene Kennedy has written, “He was, to the day he died, what his parents expected him to be: dutiful, religious, hard-working, and self-controlled, a man who understood that success and power are finally delivered to those who take their codes of loyalty and discipline seriously.” Throughout his political life, Daley seldom gave a talk in which he did not quote his mother. Her most famous quote was made in 1946 when her son happily informed her that he had been given the nomination for Cook County Sheriff after ten years in the legislature. “I didn’t raise my son to be a policeman,” she responded.

Daley was raised in a thoroughly Catholic environment. His education was Catholic as well: first De LaSalle, a high school which groomed several of Chicago’s mayors; and then nearly ten years of night school to earn his college and law degrees from DePaul University, a school known to aspiring Chicago politicians as “the place” to obtain a law degree. During the day young Daley worked first as a cowboy and clerk in Chicago’s sprawling stockyards and then as ward secretary for Alderman Joe McDonough, his early patron, who made him a clerk of the City Council. Biographer Kennedy wrote of these formative experiences: “The obsessive features of Daley’s personality served him well as a clerk, an organizer, a man who, throughout his life, was interested in the smallest details and the most remote entries in budget statements.” As Kennedy observed, “This was a man obsessed with his destiny, laying each paving block carefully so that his road to success would bear the weight of his ambition; he learned the interlacing of families and clans and each patronage job and its salary and prestige and its guarantee of political footwork and votes. It was something he never forgot.” In 1930 his patron McDonough was elected Cook County Treasurer. Daley went with him and came to run the office while McDonough drank his way to an early death. In the process Daley learned more of the intricacies of finance and budgets and of the funds and sources of patronage. He built a good reputation and made himself ready.

In 1936 a good marriage and a timely death affected Daley’s

career. In June, three years after receiving his law degree, he married Eleanor Guilfoyle, a beautiful young woman from an adjacent neighborhood as Irish and as Catholic as Daley himself. In late October, two weeks before the election, death claimed State Representative David E. Shanahan, who had held the “Republican seat” in Daley’s heavily Democratic district for 42 years. The Republican seat resulted from Illinois’ unique cumulative voting system for electing state representatives, which was in effect from 1872 to 1982. To assure minority representation from around the state each party nominated two candidates for the three seats in each district. The three highest vote getters served. Voters were allowed to cast three votes for one candidate or one and one-half for each of two candidates, or two votes for one candidate and one for the other, or one vote for each of three candidates. Since the Republican seat was vacant, Daley hastily organized a write-in campaign to claim it. The organization he knew so well delivered for him and he was elected by 8539 votes.

Upon arriving in Springfield, Representative Daley declared his preference for the Democratic side of the aisle. Fourteen months later, death again intervened, claiming a state senator whose district included Daley’s home. He was easily elected to fill the vacancy and served two four-year terms. He rose to become the minority leader and gained a reputation as the “Mayor’s Man” for the way he represented Chicago’s interests. He was particularly prominent in a legislative fight against a bill requiring professional city managers in place of politicians at the head of municipal governments. Due to his age (40) and his large family - seven children - Daley did not volunteer for World War II. He remained in the legislature, where he sponsored several progressive measures on his way to earning this accolade from a political columnist: “The senator is probably the best exhibit of the hard-working, decent, honest, organization politician that the Kelly machine can produce.”

In 1946 Mayor Kelly invited Daley to return to Chicago to run for sheriff of Cook County, a job in which many men had grown rich. While it seemed flattering, despite his mother’s contempt, Daley soon learned it was an invitation to a lynching. Kelly was sacrificing Daley to pay a political debt to Chicago’s large meatpacking industry, which resented him for a stand he had taken against them and for the Office of Price Administration during the war. His loss - the only one of his career - to an unknown reminded him of how power, in the form of the Democratic organization, could crush a man. His father consoled him, “The Lord never closes a door that he doesn’t open a window.” To preclude being vulnerable in the future Daley resolved to take over the party machinery, for the only way to protect his ambition from power was to take the power himself. He swiftly became committeeman of his ward and thereby gained a seat on the Cook County Democratic Committee.

In 1948, Adlai Stevenson was elected governor by a margin of 572,000 votes, at that time the largest plurality in the state’s history and enough to give President Harry Truman a scant 33,600 margin over Thomas E. Dewey. Stevenson, knowing Daley’s ability in finance and budgets, appointed him State Revenue Director. Though no two men could have been more opposite in temperament, personality, and background,



Stevenson and Daley genuinely respected each other - almost as though they each longed for the qualities of the other.

In March 1950 death claimed the Cook County clerk. Daley was appointed to fill out his term and was elected in his own right in November, a harsh November for many local Democrats in the wake of Senator Estes Kefauver's Chicago visit with his Committee to Investigate Organized Crime in Interstate Commerce. Five days before the election, secret committee testimony given by Daniel Gilbert, chief investigator for the State's Attorney's office and Democratic candidate for sheriff, exploded in the headlines. Gilbert became known as "the World's Richest Cop" and the voter backlash dumped Senate Majority Leader Scott Lucas in favor of Everett Dirksen, along with the rest of the ticket -- except for Daley. As a survivor Daley also ascended to first Vice-Chairman of the Democratic Central Committee. Two years later he attained the chairmanship when his chief rival for this and the mayor's office was killed in an auto accident while vacationing in Minnesota. As chairman Daley now controlled the make-up of the party's candidate for mayor in 1955. He defeated the sitting mayor and another challenger in the primary and went on to beat a young Democrat-turned Republican in the general election, to win the first of his six terms.

Joseph P. Kennedy entered Chicago business and political circles in 1945 when he purchased the Merchandise Mart, one of the largest commercial office buildings in the world. Daley became acquainted with him and subsequently with his son-in-law, Sargent Shriver, who managed the building. Daley regularly met Kennedy when he visited Chicago and Kennedy contributed to his campaigns for county clerk and mayor. Together they shared a common dream: an Irish Catholic President of the United States.

1956 provided Daley with his first opportunity to place an Irish Catholic on the list of future contenders for the Presidency. The Democratic Convention was held in Chicago and Daley, mayor for just over a year, was delighted to welcome it to the International Amphitheater next to the stockyards of his youth and within walking distance of his home. Four years earlier in 1952, the television networks had forced both parties to change their convention site from the Chicago Stadium, a multi-tiered facility built in the 1920's which had hosted five national political conventions in 20 years, to the horizontal expanses of

the International Amphitheater, a livestock exposition arena in the stockyards which could better accommodate television reporters and all of their bulky equipment.

Daley was committed to the nomination of Adlai Stevenson; it was, in fact, the only time he let his preference be known before a convention, and this only because Stevenson was a native son of Illinois. During the early days of the convention, Daley sensed a good possibility of nominating Senator John Kennedy for Vice President. Kennedy's father had opposed the idea, fearing that the attempt would not be carried out well and a faltering move would do more harm than good. Daley, however, was convinced that Kennedy needed favorable national exposure to insure an opportunity to run for the presidency. The last three days of the convention Daley worked tirelessly behind the scenes to line up votes for Kennedy. His nomination became a stronger possibility when Stevenson defied political tradition and invited the delegates to pick his running mate. Due to Daley's efforts Kennedy came within nine votes of the nomination and, after his support began to drain away, he gave a gracious and good-humored speech before a national television audience in which he asked the delegates to make the selection of Senator Estes Kefauver unanimous. It was the country's first look at the handsome senator and the zestful spirit which he embodied as a promise for the future. Daley said publicly, "The contest for Vice President shows the vigor and vitality of the Democratic party." Privately he said, "If Sam Rayburn had recognized the right people, Jack Kennedy would have made it."

Although Kennedy was later glad that he did not suffer the potentially fatal political experience of running on a losing ticket, he had been edged into the limelight of national attention for the first time. His father had been alarmed, but he also understood that what Daley had accomplished had nourished their mutual dream substantially.

1959 was a banner year for Daley. He was re-elected with 71 percent of the vote and he carried 49 of the fifty wards. Political writers speculated on the death of the two-party system in Chicago. The St. Lawrence Seaway was opened and Queen Elizabeth came to the city. The Pan American Games gave the city good publicity and his beloved White Sox won a pennant after forty years of frustration. Buoyed by these events he entered 1960 determined to realize his dream. But first he had to know whether Adlai Stevenson planned a third try for the presidency. Daley would have supported him again, but when Stevenson told Daley and other local leaders that he was not a candidate, they began to develop strategies to nominate and elect JFK. Publicly, however, the Cook County Democrats were uncommitted, in order to maximize Daley's role at the convention. Thus all the hopefuls came to seek Daley's endorsement. Even Larry O'Brien remarked years later that he was not at all sure of Daley's support when the 1960 convention opened. Despite his commitment to Kennedy there was one difficult hour for Daley in Los Angeles. It occurred following a well-orchestrated flood of telegrams from Illinois urging the delegation to support Adlai again. Eleanor Roosevelt, whom Daley deeply admired, called him; and he went to her suite where she urged him to turn away from Kennedy in favor of Stevenson. Hoping her emotional appeal would wash away his resistance, she pressed him to switch. Though it pained him to deny her appeal, he did, and as a consequence suffered harsh criticism from many liberals.

The first televised debate was held in Chicago and Daley was waiting in the wings to congratulate Kennedy when it concluded, then he invited the candidate to a rally. Kennedy and Daley both knew the Cook County Democrats would have to

deliver a staggering plurality for Kennedy to overcome the large rural Protestant vote for Nixon throughout Illinois, so Kennedy replied, "I can debate that SOB Nixon anytime, but I can't meet Chicago Democrats all the time. Let's go." On election day ninety percent of Cook County's voters turned out and the machine produced a record plurality of 456,000 votes, which enabled JFK to carry the state by 8858 votes out of nearly 4.76 million cast.

By 1963 when he ran for his third term, Daley enjoyed a national reputation for understanding modern urban life. As such he received invitations to speak at Harvard and other prestigious forums. His characterization of Chicago as "the city that works" became nationally known and indeed his tenure was marked by considerable new private and public investment and development in Chicago, especially in the central business district, at a time when many northeastern cities were beginning to decline. Daley defeated an old adversary, Benjamin Adamowski, but by the smallest of his six victory margins when

position but the image had been formed and it was reinforced five months later when the nation saw the Chicago police clash with demonstrators who sought to disrupt the Democratic National Convention. Early on the morning of June 6 Daley and the nation were stunned again -- by the news of Robert Kennedy's assassination.

With Robert Kennedy dead and Lyndon Johnson out of the race, the party was faced with Hubert Humphrey or Eugene McCarthy, neither of whom appealed to Daley. McCarthy, the antiwar leader of legions of college youths, seemed impossible, even though Daley was as much against Viet Nam as he was. Humphrey, as vice-president to Johnson for four years, was deeply involved in Viet Nam, and Daley felt it would be difficult for him to extricate himself from the issue successfully. Besides Humphrey was too garrulous for Daley, and he represented free-spending, left-of-center liberalism, a philosophy which Daley always suspected.

Then there was the bare possibility that Edward Kennedy, still



Chicago's large Polish community -- a larger concentration of Polish people than in any other city except Warsaw -- put ethnic loyalty ahead of political allegiance. Incidentally, as popular as Daley was, his vote total was always less than John C. Marcin's. Marcin, a Polish former alderman, was on the ticket for the office of City Clerk in all six Daley victories.

In late 1963 Daley wept uncontrollably at the news of JFK's assassination. A year later he delivered Cook County for Lyndon Johnson with another staggering plurality. As 1968 approached he opposed the war in Viet Nam privately and urged the President to get the U.S. out. Publicly, he supported the chief. He did not want the Democratic National Convention in Chicago due to the demonstrations it might attract, but LBJ asked him to take it on and he accepted, again out of loyalty.

On the eve of St. Patrick's Day Robert Kennedy announced his candidacy and two weeks later Lyndon Johnson declared he would not accept renomination. In late March a reporter had asked Bobby about Daley's influence and he replied, "Daley means the ballgame." In April, on his thirteenth anniversary in office, news of Martin Luther King's assassination swept the world and the west side of Chicago began to burn, as did black areas in other major cities. The Mayor was enraged and saddened at this callous abuse of his city and in his rage he issued his infamous order to the police department: "Shoot to kill any arsonist or anyone with a Molotov cocktail in his hand...and shoot to maim or cripple anyone looting any store in our city." Stunned reporters spread his words - shoot to kill...maim - across every newspaper and television screen across the country. In the face of massive negative national reaction, he softened his

in mourning for his brother, might be persuaded that the moment for his entrance into presidential politics had arrived. In Daley's view he was the candidate who offered everything that Democrats needed to win, and, beyond that, a restoration of the "Irish kingdom" which Daley had helped to establish eight years before.

On July 24 Daley talked to reporters about the possibility of Edward Kennedy running on the national ticket and, yes, Daley would support him, if... It was a trial balloon meant to float eastward along with the calls that Daley had already begun to make to other political leaders and to Kennedy himself. The senator was not ready to declare; he would have to think about it; he would not refuse it yet.

On the eve of the August convention Daley called Senator Kennedy at Hyannisport, but Kennedy still would not agree to a candidacy. Daley could hardly believe it and asked Kennedy to come to Chicago. Kennedy sent his brother-in-law, Stephen Smith. Smith did not wish to offend Daley but he had to tell him EMK was truly undecided though he might be persuaded by a genuine draft. Daley, who had been frustrated with Stevenson's indecision years earlier, responded, "But you have to raise your hand to get a draft going." Then he promised to hold his delegation uncommitted for another 24 hours. This infuriated Humphrey, who expected Illinois' 118 delegates because he had no idea Daley was dealing with Kennedy. Daley was confounded by Kennedy's refusal to accept his strong and repeated invitations to seek the nomination. Daley was sure he could deliver it and he was just as positive that Kennedy could win the election - if only he would take the first step.



While the convention nominated Humphrey the attention of the media was focused outside where Chicago police battled the "Yippies" and thousands of others who came to disrupt the convention. In November Daley delivered Chicago to Humphrey by over 400,000 votes but Nixon won Illinois by 35,000 votes. Unfortunately, the two men never got along again, as each blamed the other for losing the presidency which Humphrey had sought for so long.

By 1972 a commission chaired by Senator George McGovern had come up with selection formulas to guarantee that there would be more women, minority-group members, and young delegates at the Democratic National Convention. By the time the state-wide election of convention delegates was held in March 1972, Daley had won yet another massive victory in his 1971 mayoral campaign against a young Republican named Richard Friedman.

**DUMP
DALEY**



Despite the new rules things seemed to take care of themselves in the 1972 primaries, in which 59 of the Illinois delegation of 170 were Daley's candidates. What legal grounds could justify the charges made by Alderman Singer, joined now by Rev. Jesse Jackson, that the rules of the McGovern Commission had not been observed? Daley's questions made no difference to Singer or to Jackson; their motivation was not merely to have a voice in the supposedly reformed convention process but to gain attention and power in the mayor's own kingdom in Chicago. Singer held caucuses throughout the city, some with only a handful of people in attendance, to elect a fresh slate of delegates. It was a move of almost comic daring, like a mouse dragging away the lion's dinner. It seemed incredible to Daley and to his associates that this group of insurgents could get away with ousting him and the other delegates who, however handpicked, had been elected according to state laws in the traditional manner.

So Daley was in no mood to compromise with Singer and Jackson as they fought their way through the courts, inching ever closer to the July convention at Miami Beach, even though judges ruled against them in Illinois. It seemed astounding that the question would get as far as the convention credentials committee in Washington a week before the Miami Beach nominations were to begin. Naturally the committee was pro-McGovern, and it was made clear in advance that the vote would go to the Daley delegates if Daley himself would commit himself to McGovern before the convention. Daley was not that hungry; he would not go for McGovern, whose chance, despite his primary successes, seemed minimal to the mayor. He would not violate his instincts by issuing a premature endorsement. If nominated, McGovern would need Daley and his organization far more than he would need Singer, Jackson and their romantic

followers. Still, on the day the credentials committee was to convene, Daley met with reporters and praised McGovern's group as "the greatest political organization ever put together in the country." Then he added, somewhat puckishly, "Some people call it something else."

What, the reporters asked, would he do if he were kept out of the convention? Would he sit out the campaign or give his support to President Nixon? "You know they wouldn't do that to me," he said, like a man discounting the power of termites to destroy his house. "I'm a Democrat. I was raised in the cradle of the Democratic party in the stockyard area and I think the Democratic party will have an outstanding candidate."

In Miami Beach, the credentials committee, with twelve abstentions, voted 71 to 61 to unseat the Daley delegates and to award the places to the Singer-Jackson group. Singer stepped off the plane when he returned to Chicago with the look of a boy-hero in a fairy tale who has been to the giant's castle and returned home safely. "We," he announced, "are the delegates now."

The credentials committee accused Daley of (1) failing to follow party guidelines because he had used a slating process which they judged not to be open, (2) employing party apparatus to do this, and (3) not working aggressively enough to assure delegation balance by age, ethnic group, and sex. Daley retorted: "Nine hundred thousand people participated in the primary election. There's no reference to that in the report." The quota system, he added, was "typically, in my opinion, un-American."

In Chicago Judge Daniel A. Corvelli ruled against Singer and his group and issued an order against their taking their seats at the convention, but the young alderman, savoring the publicity of his extraordinary triumph, flew to Florida with his delegates and received the proper credentials through Convention Chairman Lawrence O'Brien, an old Daley cohort who, as party chairman, felt that he had to follow the guidelines of the Democratic reform movement.

Back in the Midwest Daley, chafing at the seeming injustice of the situation, looked at the convention from another viewpoint. He could hardly believe that the party which he had revered would now reject and publicly embarrass him. His delegates

**DALEY
IN
'75**

**DALEY
IN
'75**

**Keep
Chicago
ALIVE
DALEY
in '75**



**DALEY
IN
'75**



were already in Miami Beach at the Diplomat Hotel; there would still be an effort to seat them, but Daley remained at a distance while the drama was played out. Speaking of the McGovern forces, he said simply, "My mother used to say that if you don't expect much from people you won't often be disappointed." Daley had attended every convention since 1928 and he was aghast at what he felt to be the amateurism of the 1972 proceedings. As he watched this one from afar, he knew he would never make a compromise with McGovern and he would outlast the convention.

The years following the 1972 debacle were tarnished by the indictment of many close friends and aides. Daley suspected Richard Nixon was trying to embarrass him, and James Thompson, the prosecutor who obtained the convictions in the glow of media attention, parlayed his success into three terms as governor of Illinois. In May, 1974, Daley suffered a slight stroke which kept him out of City Hall until Labor Day. Later in the fall he seemed less sure of his intention to run again. "The wish isn't always there," he told one reporter. But Daley never wanted any other job; he had, in fact, rejected offers of cabinet posts or nominations for higher office. He loved his city and he was happy being mayor. In December he went to Kansas City for the Democrats' mini-convention. He was received warmly by delegates from around the country who were anxious to rebuild the party after the 1972 disaster. He came home feeling the good name of Daley and the honor of the city of Chicago had been restored. The long purgatory which began in 1968 was over. His confidence renewed, he easily won his last election in April, 1975, with 78 percent of the vote. During the 1976 primary season all the Democratic hopefuls called on him as they had during his glory days.

In the March 16 primary election his candidate for governor, Michael Howlett, defeated Daley's archrival Governor Daniel Walker, in a very bitter race. Since this was his major concern he hardly noticed Jimmy Carter's strong showing, nearly fifty percent of the delegates. When questioned about Carter's strength Daley replied he would "have to wait and see about Carter -- there are a lot of good candidates and the convention is a long way off." Obviously he was not comfortable with Carter's strong showing. He felt Carter would stumble in some of the 28 primaries ahead of him and many aides felt Daley hoped for a convention deadlock which would enable him to swing the nomination to Adlai Stevenson III. Daley did not care for Stevenson personally but he knew that a Stevenson candidacy would benefit him more than any other.

Consequently, he missed his opportunity to be prominent in the Carter campaign. In May when Carter appeared to have the nomination within reach, he called Daley to ask for the nearly 100 delegates he controlled. Daley demurred and Carter subsequently read Daley's remarks in the newspaper: "I don't think anyone has it sewed up. The convention isn't until July, and you'll see a lot of things happen between May and July." Carter resented this suggestion that the nomination could slip away from him.

By early June Daley modified his dream of Stevenson for President. He praised Carter: "He started out months ago and entered into every contest in every state and he won 'em and he lost 'em, and, by God you have to admire a guy like that." He then scotched a Humphrey boomlet by saying, "Anyone who doesn't stand the test should not be running," but still he refused to commit his delegates to Carter. On June 8 Carter won a landslide victory in Ohio and he no longer needed Daley. Nevertheless, Daley intensified his efforts to get Stevenson on the ticket to the point where he embarrassed the Senator.

During the summer Carter appeared at Chicago fundraising dinners to get the exposure he needed. He was impressed by the strength and resources of the local party. At one point Hamilton Jordan balked at these "goodwill" appearances and insisted that Carter needed funds too -- a reflection of the fact that Daley needed Carter more than Carter needed Daley. Chicago Democrats guaranteed \$50,000 for a July 1 appearance and organized a \$500 per person cocktail reception to raise the money. Daley called in many favors and sent "the next president of the United States" back to Plains with \$150,000 for his campaign.

In July he went to New York for the convention and made his New York remark, "I always get the feelin' that nobody's in charge here." He was sought out by interviewers from all over the world as he sat on the aisle in the Illinois delegation, a respected and much-honored elder statesman. Though his continued efforts to get Stevenson on the ticket were rebuffed, he was slated for a prime-time address to the convention on the nation's urban problems, but the networks did not broadcast it. There was a brief moment of revenge for him when Senator McGovern rose to speak and he left "to get a sandwich," a ploy Thomas E. Dewey had used to insult Senator Dirksen at the 1964 GOP convention.

In September he staged a traditional Chicago torchlight parade for Carter. He and Carter's people figured Carter would need an unheard of 500,000 vote plurality in Chicago to carry Illinois. Daley felt that 450,000 was possible, but on November 2 the organization only produced a plurality of 410,000, as many ethnic Catholics rejected the southerner whom they believed to be a pro-abortion candidate. The city's growing black population, on the other hand, was overwhelmingly for Carter. Without them his plurality would have been dismal. As it happened, Ford beat Carter in Illinois by 93,000 votes, as the state supported the loser for only the second time in eighty years.

Seven weeks later, on December 20, 1976, Daley suffered a massive heart attack in his doctor's office and died, ending an era in Chicago and national politics.★

Q & A

By David Frent

Q: Where was the Lincoln tour which is referred to on a button and pennant for Coolidge?

A: On September 10, 1924, a caravan of cars left the Coolidge home in Plymouth, VT on a trek that would cover some 17 states, hundreds of meetings and the participation of tens of thousands of cars. The caravan traveled to the West Coast and covered approximately 5,000 miles of the Lincoln Highway. Along the route it is estimated that 2,000,000 campaign pins were given out, but it is doubtful if these were all ones proclaiming the Lincoln tour slogan. I consider the pennant one of the more meaningful items to come out of that election.

THOMAS NAST

and the Irish-American Stereotype

By Roger Fischer

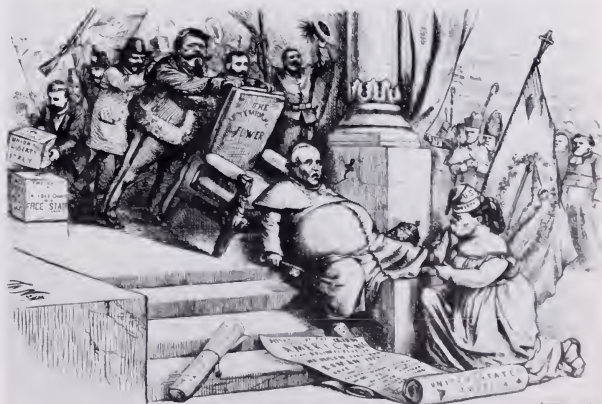
Of all problems confronting nineteenth-century Irish-Americans, few were more serious than the virulent bigotry they experienced at the hands of Protestants. During the 1830s lurid tales of Irish Catholic sexual depravity led to the burning of the Ursuline Convent in Charlestown, Massachusetts by a Protestant mob and the transformation of Maria Monk's *Awful Disclosures of the Hotel Dieu Nunnery* into a runaway best-seller. During the 1840s open warfare erupted in the Philadelphia suburb of Kensington when a Catholic church was stormed by an armed mob of Native Republicans and similar incidents were averted in New York only after Archbishop John Hughes posted armed squads of Irish parishioners to guard the churches. During the early 1850s the American or "Know Nothing" party parlayed prejudice against Irish Catholics into brief status as a major national political force. The Civil War brought an end to this epidemic of intolerance, but anti-Irish prejudice remained strong throughout the remainder of the nineteenth century. A major force in keeping alive this bigotry during the generation after Appomattox was the cartoon art of Thomas Nast, America's first great political cartoonist.

Nast was born in a Bavarian army barracks in 1840, the son of a regimental musician, and moved with his family to New York in 1846. A mediocre student with a genius for drawing, Nast was only fifteen when he landed a \$4 a week job with *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, the first mass circulation dime weekly in the United States. After three years at *Leslie's* he signed on with the New York *Illustrated News* for a whopping \$40 per week and also free-lanced as an illustrator, covering such events as John Brown's funeral, the 1860 Sayers-Heenan fight in England, and Garibaldi's march from Genoa to Sicily. In 1861 he married Sarah Edwards, daughter of a genteel Manhattan family and a pillar of the upper-middle-class Protestant, Republican, Victorian values that her young immigrant husband embraced enthusiastically and unquestioningly. A year later Nast signed on with *Harper's Weekly*, beginning a marriage between artist and journal rivaled in duration and success only by Herb Block's long stint with the *Washington Post* in the long history of American political cartooning.

During the Civil War the ardently pro-Union Nast drew patriotic illustrations for *Harper's*, some of them so poignant that Lincoln referred to him as "our best recruiting sergeant." He was not yet a cartoonist, although his 1864 campaign drawings denouncing the Democrats as the party of rebels and "copperheads" rivaled good political cartoons in impact. After Appomattox Nast turned almost exclusively to political commentary and

gradually began to shift his style from elaborate, cluttered gray halftones to stark, simple line drawings like those of John Tenniel in the London humor weekly *Punch*. By 1869, when Irish-American caricatures began appearing regularly in his creations, Nast was a fullfledged cartoonist of superb talents and fearsome intensity. In 1871 and 1872 his brilliant and biting attacks on the Tweed Ring and Horace Greeley's presidential aspirations represent sustained genius in graphic political commentary not rivaled in the United States for a century, until the Watergate efforts of Mike Peters, Herb Block, and Pat Oliphant.

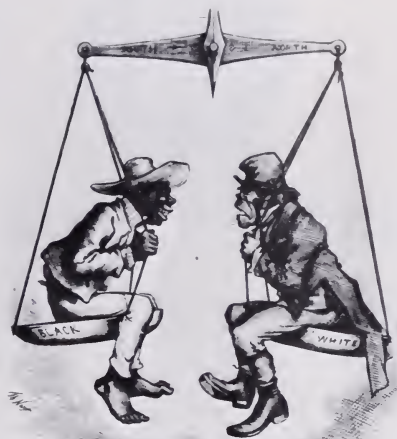
Through his drawings Nast became a formidable political



America (?) Sympathizes with the Pope

New York's "finest" had foolishly tried to stop their St. Patrick's Day parade. Irish-Americans were the most loyal of Roman Catholics, while Nast was a product of the German "48er" liberal tradition that viewed the Catholic Church as a sinister bulwark of authoritarian tyranny and benighted superstition in Europe and the United States. In particular, Nast was alarmed by partially successful Irish Catholic efforts in New York to win public funding for parochial schools so that their children could avoid compulsory readings from the King James Bible in the public schools.

This controversy inspired Nast's chillingly effective 1871 "The American River Ganges," with its Catholic bishops imaginatively portrayed as crocodiles set to devour American schoolchildren, and many other powerful 1870 and 1871 cartoon



The Ignorant Vote—Honors Are Easy

December 10, 1876

TAMMANY TIM



efforts. During the same period the consolidation of papal power under Pius IX inspired such Nast protests against the doctrine of papal infallibility as "America (?) Sympathizes With the Pope," featuring a grotesquely swinish (and distinctly Irish) caricature of Miss Liberty kissing the Pope's foot. Nast's great 1871 Tweed series included many cartoons with Irish followers of the Boss depicted in a similarly subhuman fashion. A few years later, after Nast became disillusioned with Radical Reconstruction and Negroes as citizens, he levied upon the blacks his ultimate unkindness by comparing them to Irishmen! His 1876 "The Ignorant Vote -- Honors Are Easy" featured stereotype caricatures of an Irishman and a Negro as brutal as any in the annals of American cartoon art.

Unfortunately for millions of Irish-Americans trying simply to survive and make new lives for themselves in the United States, Nast was seldom better than when he was lampooning them, their religious loyalties, and their political affiliations. These cartoons, as brilliantly drawn as they were unfair and vicious, added considerably to the burdens the Irish had to shoulder during their long and arduous climb to social acceptance and mainstream respectability in their adopted land.★

Tammany Tim appeared in *Verdict*, the Democratic answer to *Puck* and *Judge*. *Verdict* was published in New York City from 1896 through the election of 1900. Tim, using an exaggerated Irish brogue, poked fun at "Marky" Hanna, "Teedor" Roosevelt and other Republican politicians of the day.



NEWS

1945 - HAPPY FORTIETH BIRTHDAY APIC - 1985

By U. I. "Chick" Harris, APIC Historian

Happy Anniversary to us! Yes, the APIC is forty years old. Founded in 1945 by less than ten correspondents who knew each other only through the mail, it has become an organization with enough influence to prod Congress to enact the Hobby Protection Act.

The original organization consisted of a president, vice-president and a secretary-treasurer. Monroe D. Ray was the secretary-treasurer for fifteen years and sent the yearly roster, the occasional mailings, and collected the dues. The APIC was reorganized in 1960 during the Republican National Convention in Chicago with a full slate of officers, a board of directors, a publication, *The Keynoter*, plus active committees. Several mail auctions were conducted; research projects on candidates were issued and price guides prepared. The honor of our first APIC meeting, held in August 1964, went to Hartford, Connecticut and J. Doyle Dewitt, the President of Travelers Insurance Company. The Hotel America in the new Constitution Plaza was the site, and sixty-five members plus their guests attended—the largest percentage turnout ever for a national. Plans were made for the next in Chicago for 1966, as all thoroughly enjoyed the fellowship, the opportunity to add many items to their collections and the knowledge afforded through the displays and presentations. One of the highlights was the J. Doyle Dewitt collection presentation, *America Goes to the Polls*, in a chronological setting with items from each president, George Washington to the present.

Our officers over the years, have worked long and hard and all are due a big 'thank you'. During Larry Krug's administration (1972-76) we saw the APIC mature into a real committee type organization, with many active committees getting our members to become involved.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES/APIC EXHIBIT WINS \$500 AWARD

George Cordes, General Services Regional Administrator in Philadelphia, has sent a \$500 check to the APIC Internship fund. The \$500 award was presented to Mr. Cordes by the American Society of Access Professionals, in recognition for his expanding the public programs of the National Archives division and opening an exhibition hall in the Main Post Office building in Philadelphia.

In a letter to Joe Hayes, APIC Secretary, Mr. Cordes said, "The most popular exhibit was the Political Americana exhibit coordinated through the Mid-Atlantic Chapter of APIC. I believe the notoriety the exhibit received led directly to the award."

We continue to gain stature and this last summer had our first, of many I am sure, internees at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, helping with their fine collection of Political Americana. We also hope to become involved with the J. Doyle Dewitt collection at the University of Hartford, as a fine repository for this outstanding collection is finally becoming a reality.

What's ahead for the APIC—possibly a new name, as we are realizing more and more that we are not just collectors of the most interesting collectibles but we are preservers and researchers of our American political and historical past. In what other hobby can we hold in our hand a memento of real history—such as a GW button. George Washington wore six on his great cape—possibly the one you or I have is one of these. We'll never know for nothing is known of what became of the six. Many of the items each of us have have a known history, handed to us by a friend or relative. By preserving these mementos we do a great service to our country and future generations. We should feel proud to be members of the APIC and let others feel our enthusiasm for this the GREATEST of hobbies.★

MANAGING EDITOR'S MESSAGE

On a personal note, Roger and I were very pleased by the positive comments on the McKinley issues. William McKinley is a watermark candidate for political scholars and collectors. He was the first 20th Century president, and, bless his soul, the first president to have a modern campaign organization and pin-back buttons. There were probably a greater variety and quantity of items for McKinley than any other president, with the possible exception of FDR. We tried to do his campaigns justice in two issues, but as usual, the items exceeded the space.

This year, the third issue of the *Keynoter* will be replaced by a *Keynoter*-format issue on fakes, reproductions, repins, etc. Because of the scheduling of this project in 1985, the previously announced plan to run pictures of the Amoco/Exxon/Gulf reproduction sets in this issue is being postponed. Chris Hearn has accepted the editorship of the brummagem issue, and requests that you send him Xerox copies of any fakes you have, so that we can make this issue as complete as possible. Any ideas you have about what should be covered in this issue should also be sent to Chris.

Robert A. Fratkan

AL SMITH AND THE KKK (continued from page 11)

ploy rather tiresome, so he proclaimed, "We've put the nigger in his place; now let's put the Catholic in his." Soon Heflin was finding the Vatican menace everywhere he looked. The Pope ("a miserable, contemptible puppy I could crush with my fingers") was to blame for unemployment, influenza, and the rising incidence of divorce and teenage pregnancies. When Heflin fell ill in 1925 after eating a dish of peach ice cream, he accused the Jesuits of attempting to poison him! When the Coolidges had "cardinal red" draperies installed in the White House, Heflin



detected a papal plot. He even "exposed" the filigreed beadwork around Washington's bust on the dollar bill as a rosary, the handiwork of a Catholic engraver in the Treasury Department!

For Heflin and the millions who took his charges seriously, the nomination of Al Smith as the Democratic candidate for the presidency in 1928 was no laughing matter. That the "happy warrior" was a devout Catholic was bad enough in their eyes, but their reasons for hating and fearing Smith did not stop there.

Where other national figures with presidential ambition were "dry" or at least ambiguous on Prohibition in public, Smith forthrightly called for the repeal of the "Noble Experiment." Smith's forces in the marathon 1924 Democratic national convention in Madison Square Garden had come within a whisker of winning adoption of a platform plank openly condemning the Klan. Moreover, his whole persona, from his accent to his rakish brown derby, was that of a loyal son of the Irish Catholic neighborhood of New York's Lower East Side, a living symbol of an alien culture, both feared and despised by rural Protestant bigots.

The results were predictable. Herbert Hoover was too secure politically and too decent personally to engage in the politics of prejudice, and for the most part his national campaign organizations followed suit; but dissident Democrats, the KKK, and local Republican enthusiasts did otherwise. The campaign items pictured here played a key role in their efforts to make religion a paramount issue in the campaign. Old tales of Catholic sexual depravity (some dating back nearly a century to Maria Monk's *Awful Disclosures*) and plots were dusted off and re-circulated. Smith was portrayed as a willing dupe of the Pope and his two sinister instruments for seizing control of the United States, the Jesuits and the Knights of Columbus! During the final week of the campaign, the rumors swept the nation that Smith had asked the Pope to move his operation from the Vatican to the White House after his inauguration. Smith was apparently able to keep his vintage Irish sense of humor in the midst of these smears, for on the evening he was defeated in a landslide, he allegedly told reporters that he had just sent a one-word telegram to Rome: "Unpack."★

BOOKS IN THE HOBBY

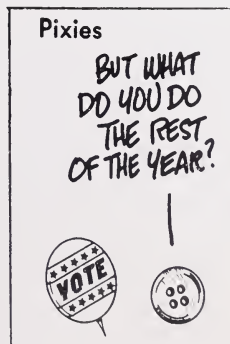
James N. Giglio and Greg G. Thielen, *Truman in Cartoon and Caricature* (Ames, Iowa: Iowa State University Press, 1984, \$15.00).

This collection of 260 cartoons spanning Harry S. Truman's public life from 1934 to his death in 1972 was put together by Giglio and Thielen for "readers to understand more clearly, to laugh a little, to shake their heads occasionally, to reminisce a lot, and perhaps sometimes even to 'give-em-hell' with HST." They have succeeded nicely. In the cartoon art they have included (much of it truly rescued from oblivion) and the commentaries that accompany them, Giglio and Thielen have provided us with a fresh look at Truman and his place in our political history. The volume is divided into six chapters, each preceded by an excellent essay, setting the scene for the cartoons they have selected. Much in evidence in these cartoons are the personality traits so often associated with Truman - his boldness, feistiness and tenacity in the face of frustration. After experiencing the entire collection, the reader realizes that he has been exposed to the many sides of a truly great American. Of special interest to me were cartoons from Missouri newspapers during Truman's 1934 and 1940 Senate campaigns, most of them never before published in anthology form.

Only with their selection process do I find fault with Giglio and Thielen. Only four cartoons drawn by Herb Block appear, not because of authors' intent but because the *Washington Post* cartoon great refused permission to reprint most of his Truman renditions. This may have been unavoidable, but it is unfortu-

nate, for few of the cartoonists represented more abundantly could hold a candle to Herb Block. I would not have used as much of the work of J. N. "Ding" Darling. These personal criticisms notwithstanding, this is an excellent book at a most reasonable price for a quality hard-cover edition. I recommend it to all political collectors.

Elmer R. Koppelman



Reprinted from the *Houston Chronicle*

ST. PATRICK'S DAY 1867.



RUM.

BRUTAL ATTACK ON THE POLICE.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.

IRISH RIOT.

The *Mail*

BLOOD